


# The SQUIRREL TREE

McELROY  
and  
YOUNGE





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Birthday Greetings  
To Winifred  
from Harriet.

Mar. 13 - 1930.





# THE SQUIRREL TREE

BY  
MARGARET J. McELROY  
AND  
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McElroy and Young's  
THE SQUIRREL TREE

E. P. I

MADE IN U.S.A.

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## THE BABY SQUIRRELS

Jack and Rose Wagner  
lived on a big farm.

There were many trees  
on the farm.

There were trees  
in front of the house.

There were trees  
back of the house.

A big, old elm tree  
stood by the side  
of a little brook.

Jack and Rose  
liked to play  
under this tree.



One fine May day,  
the children were playing  
beside the brook.

“Look, look!” cried Jack.  
“There is a baby squirrel  
in the big elm tree.”

“I see *two* baby squirrels,”  
said Rose.

“Three — four — five!  
There are five squirrels,”  
said Jack.

“I am going to tell mother.  
She must see the squirrels,”  
said Rose.

“No, I will tell her.  
I found the squirrels,”  
said Jack.



Back to the house  
raced the two children.

“Mother! Baby squirrels!  
Come and see them!” cried Rose.

“I found them,” said Jack.

Mother only laughed.

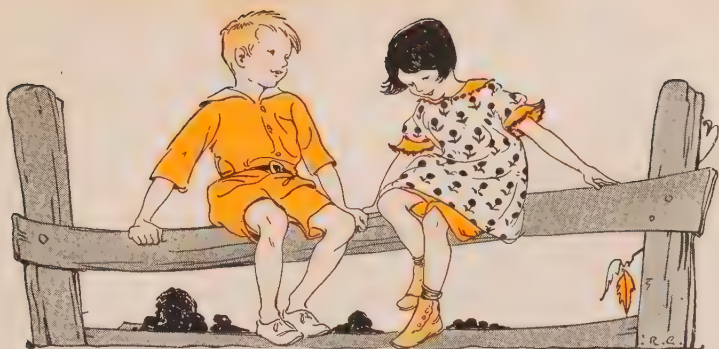
“The squirrels must wait  
until after supper,” she said.

“Father will be here soon.  
You have just time  
to go to meet him.”

“We can meet father  
at the top of the hill  
and ride to the house,”  
cried Jack.

“A race!” cried Rose,  
and off they ran.





## MEETING FATHER

The two children ran  
through the big gate  
and up the dusty road.

Jack soon stopped.

“It is too hot for a race.  
I shall sit on the fence,”  
he said to Rose.

He climbed to the top rail  
of the fence.

Rose climbed up beside him.



Honk! Honk! Honk!  
Father's big, gray car  
came over the hill.

The children jumped down  
and ran to the road.

Father stopped his car.

“Hop in!” he said.

The children climbed  
into the front seat,  
and father drove to the house.

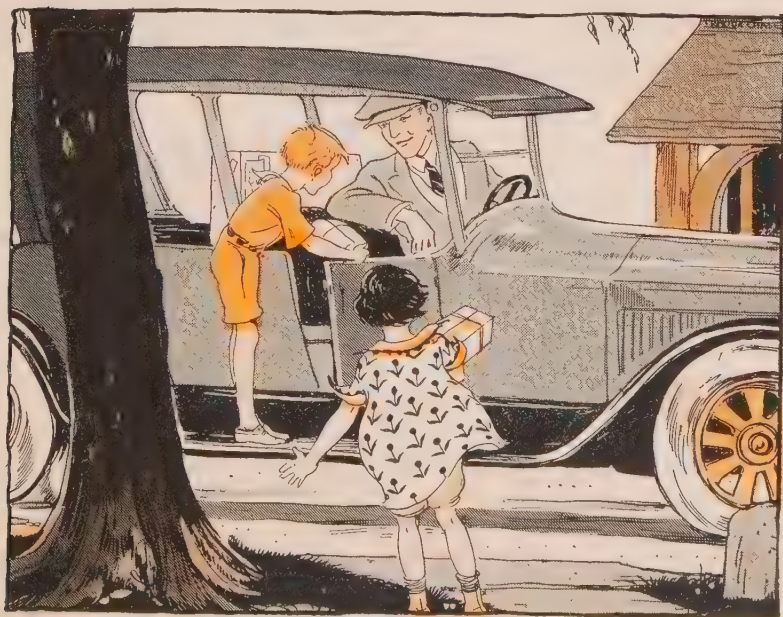
“Drive down to the big tree.  
We have something to show you,”  
begged Jack.

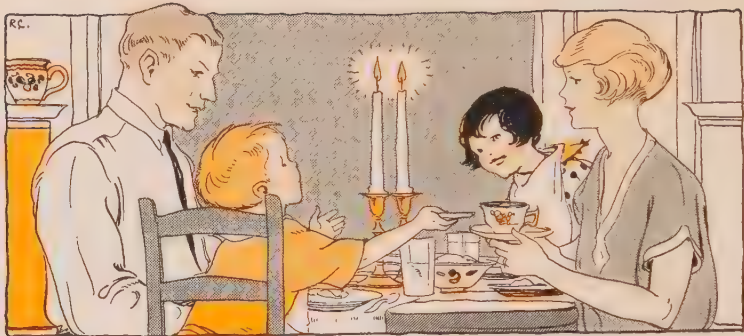
“Baby squirrels!” cried Rose.

“That is fine,” said father.

“We will go after supper.

Mother is waiting for us now.”





## THE SQUIRREL TREE

After supper, the children took father and mother to see the squirrels.

“We will find them in the big tree,” said Jack.

He led the way to the tree.

“Where are the squirrels?” he cried. “They are gone!”

Rose ran to the tree.

Not a squirrel was to be seen.



“Oh, father,” said Rose,  
“they have all run away.”

Father and mother laughed.  
“It is bedtime for squirrels.  
They are in their nest,”  
said mother.

“But where is the nest?”  
asked Jack.

Father pointed to a branch.



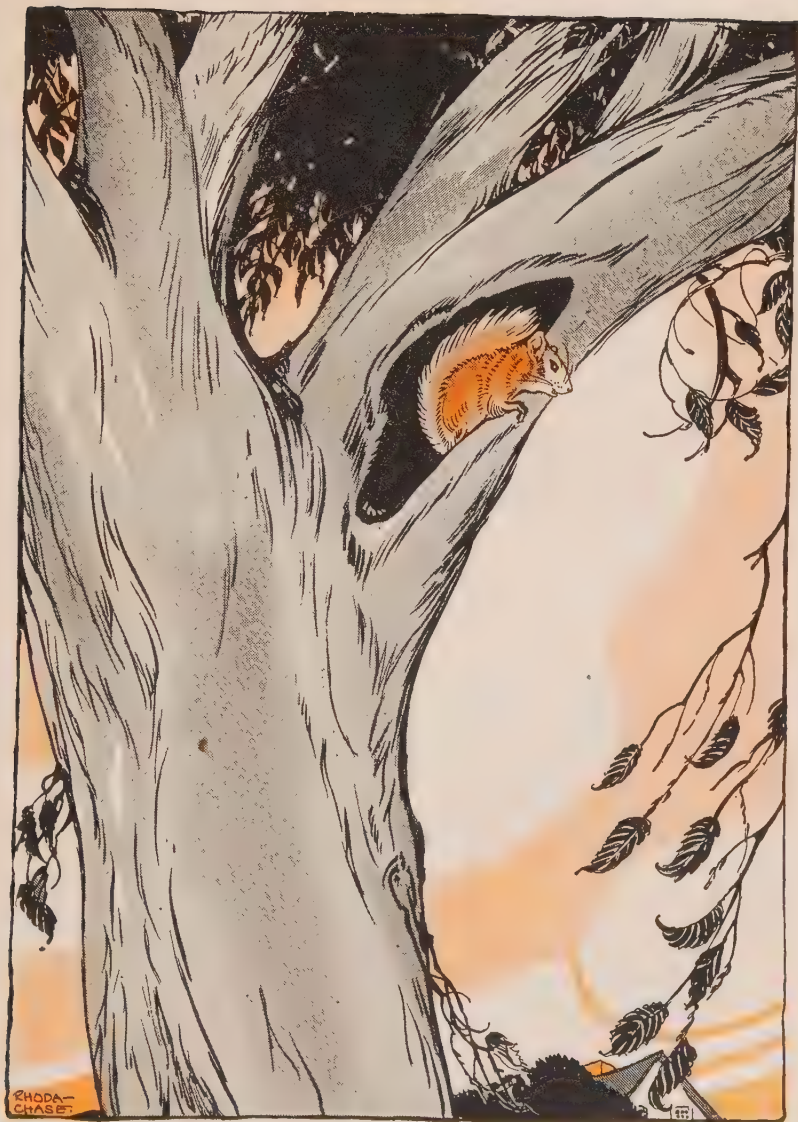
“Oh — oh —!” cried Rose.  
“I see a big hole.  
The nest is in the hole.  
This is a squirrel tree.”

“Hush, Rose,” said Jack.  
“The little baby squirrels  
may be asleep, now.  
You will wake them.”

“I want father and mother  
to see the little squirrels,”  
said Rose.

“Never mind,” said father.  
“We can see them to-morrow.  
They will be awake then.

“We must go home, now.  
It is time for children  
to be in bed.”



The children hurried home.  
They were soon ready for bed.

"It *is* a squirrel tree,"  
Rose said to Jack.  
"It is a real squirrel tree."

Jack did not answer.  
He was fast asleep  
and he was dreaming  
about baby squirrels.







## JACK PAINTS A PICTURE

Jack and Rose went  
to see the baby squirrels  
every day.

One day Rose took  
her dolls to the tree.  
Jack took his paint box.

“Oh, Jack, let us play house.  
I will be the mother,  
and you can be the father,”  
said Rose.

“I do not want to play house.  
I want to paint,” said Jack.

“Then I will get Peggy  
to play with me,” said Rose.

Jack did not answer.  
He sat down on the grass  
and opened his paint box.

“I will get Peggy!”  
Rose said again.

Jack looked down the road.  
“There comes Peggy now.  
Open the gate for her,”  
he said.



Rose ran to the gate.

“I am glad you came, Peggy.  
Now we can play house.  
Jack will not play with me,”  
said Rose.

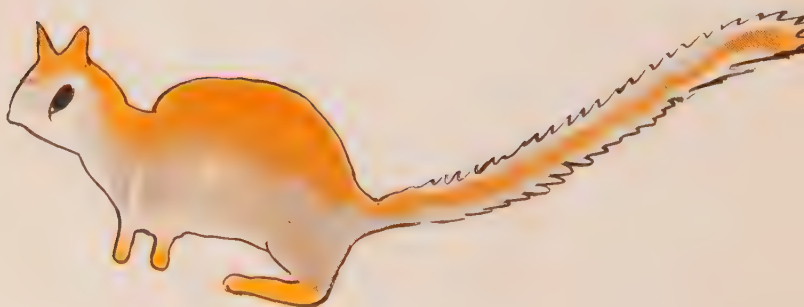
The two little girls  
went back to the big tree.

“I like to play house,”  
said Peggy.

“Oh, girls always want  
to play house,” said Jack.

“I like to paint pictures.  
I have painted a squirrel.”

“What a funny squirrel!  
Its tail is too long!”  
laughed Peggy.







At that very moment  
Peggy stubbed her toe.

Down fell Peggy  
and over went Jack's cup  
of water.

“Oh, Peggy!” cried Jack.  
“See what you have done!  
My new paint box  
is full of water.”

Peggy began to cry.

“I must go home,” she said.  
“My new dress is all wet.”

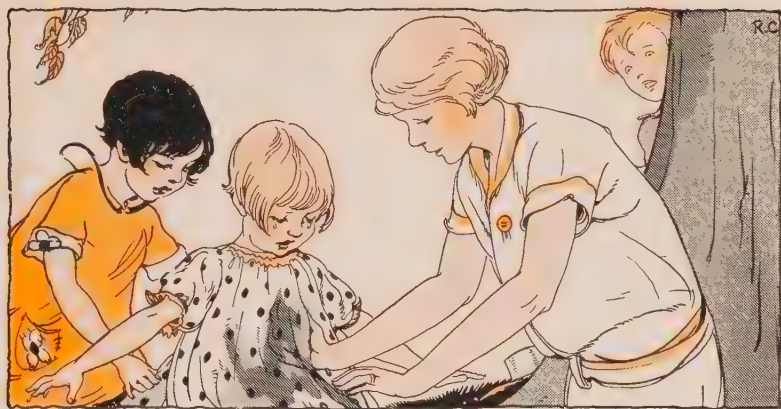
“What is the matter?”  
asked somebody.

The children looked around.  
There stood mother.

“What is the matter?”  
she asked once more.

“Peggy upset the water  
in my paint box,” said Jack.

“Peggy is going home.  
Her dress is wet,” said Rose.



“Never mind, Peggy.  
Come with me,” said mother.  
“We can dry your dress  
by the kitchen fire.”

“My paints are wet, too,”  
said Jack.

“You must use a table  
when you want to paint.  
Take your box to the house,”  
said mother.

Mother and the girls  
hurried to the kitchen.

Jack followed slowly  
with his paint box.

“I wish we had a table  
under that tree,” he said.

“We *need* a little table  
under the squirrel tree.”





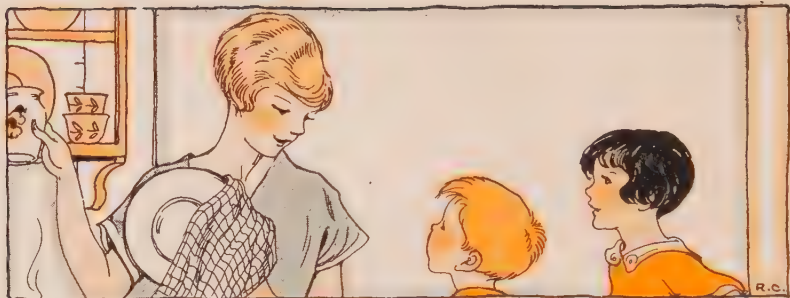
## FATHER'S SURPRISE

The very next morning  
father said to mother,  
“I am making a little table  
for the children.”

“That is fine,” said mother.  
“They need a little table  
under the squirrel tree.”

“I thought so,” said father.  
He picked up his hat  
and went to the woodshed.





Very soon the children came into the kitchen.

“Is father here?” they asked.

“He is in the woodshed,” said mother.

“The woodshed!” cried Jack.  
“What is he doing there?”

“Sh! That is a surprise,” said mother.

“Come on, Rose,” cried Jack.  
The kitchen door banged  
and the children were gone.

They ran down the path  
to the woodshed.

The door of the shed  
was shut.

“Father!” shouted Jack.  
“We want to see the surprise.  
Please open the door.”





Father came to the door.

“Who told you children about the surprise?” he asked.

“Mother did,” said Jack.

“May we see it?”

“Yes, come in,” said father.

He opened the door  
and the children went inside.

There stood a little table.

“Whoop — ee!” cried Jack.

“Is it for us?”

“Yes, it is,” said father.

“We will put the table  
under the squirrel tree.”

“Oh, thank you,” said Jack.

“We need a table out there.  
Now I can paint under the tree.”

## THE TWO BENCHES

For a little while  
the children watched father.

“May I help you?” asked Jack.

“Yes, you may hold the nails  
for me,” said father.

“What can I do for you?  
I want to help you, too,”  
said Rose.

“You may pick up  
the little blocks of wood.  
Put them in the wood basket.  
Mother will use them  
in the kitchen fire.”

Rose found the wood basket  
and picked up the blocks.

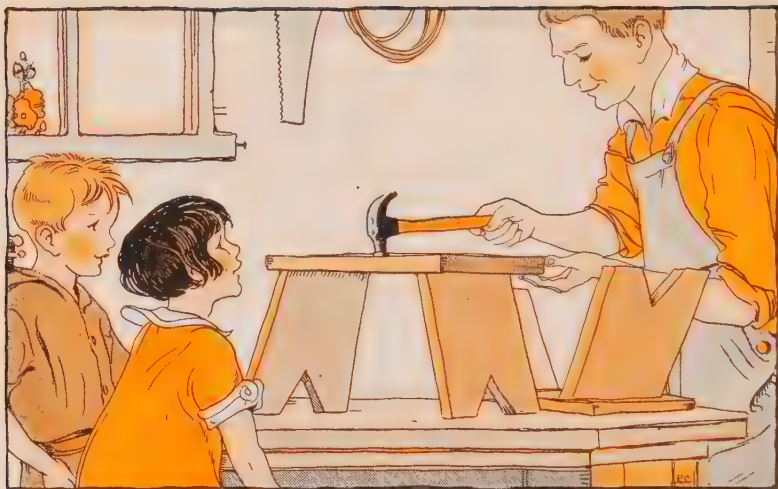




Jack took the box of nails  
and stood beside his father.

“You have made the table.  
What are you doing now?”  
asked the little boy.

“Wait and see,” said father.



At last Rose came  
and stood beside them.

“I know,” she said.

“You are making a bench.”

“What do you think, Jack?”  
asked father.

“*Two* benches!”

“Yes, I am making a bench  
for each of you,” said father.

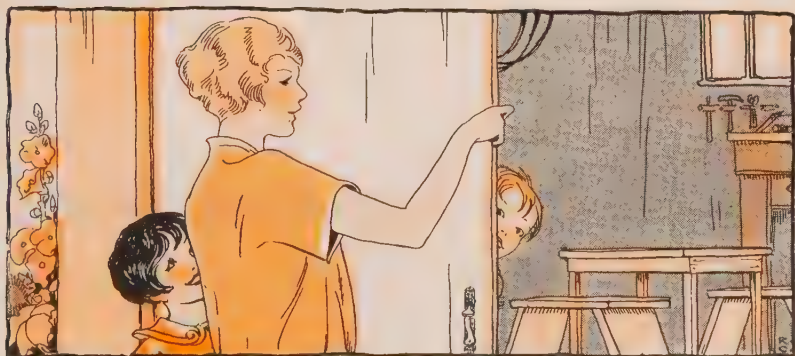
The benches were soon ready.

“I want mother to see them,”  
said Rose.

She ran up the path  
and came back with mother.

“What a fine table!  
And benches, too!” cried mother.  
“Now Jack can paint  
under the squirrel tree.”

“We can have a tea party  
under the tree,” said Rose.



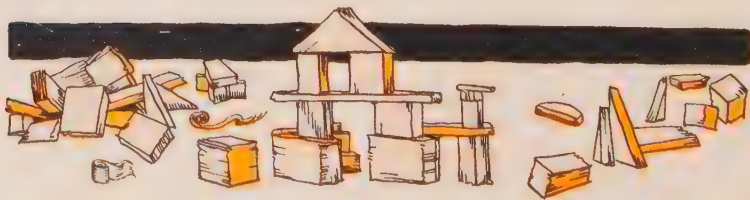
Jack dragged one bench  
to the door of the woodshed.

“Come on, Rose!” he said.  
“You bring the other bench.  
We will take them to the tree.”

“Wait, wait!” said father.  
“They must be painted  
before they are taken out.  
We will paint them to-morrow.”

Jack slowly dragged the bench  
back to its place.

“Well, we can play  
with the blocks,” he said.





## WET PAINT

Jack woke bright and early  
the next morning.

He dressed at once  
and went to the woodshed.



Father was in the shed.

“You are early,” said father.

“I wanted to see you paint,”  
said Jack.

“All right,” said father.

“The first thing to do  
is to find the paint.

What color shall we use?”

“I like red,” said Jack.

“So do I,” said father.

“Bring me the red paint.”

Jack went to the other room  
to get the paint.

“The red is almost gone,”  
he called to his father.

“Then bring some green paint,”  
said father.



Jack came back at once  
with the can of green paint.

Father drew a letter  
on each bench.

He painted the table  
and one of the benches.  
Then he stopped.

“Do you want to paint?”  
he asked Jack.

“Oh, yes!” cried Jack.

“Very well,” said father.

“You may paint your own bench.  
Do not paint the letter.”

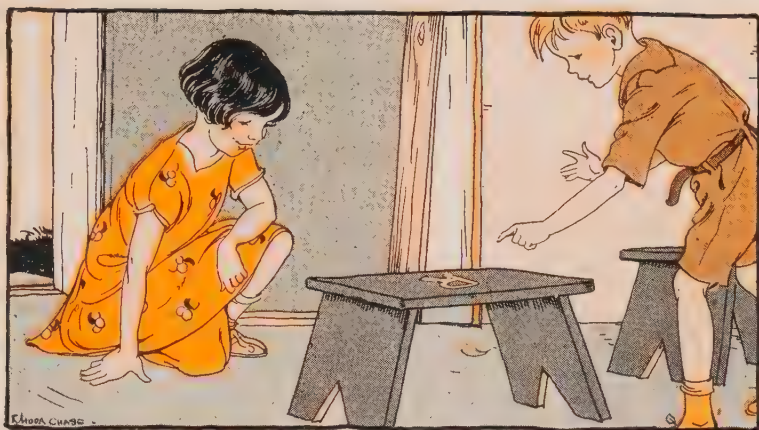
He let Jack take the brush  
and paint one bench.

“Who will paint the letter?”  
asked the little boy.

“I will do that,” said father.  
“This paint must dry first.  
Then I will put a red **J**  
on your bench.”

“And will you put a red **R**  
on the other bench?” asked Jack.

“Yes, indeed,” said father.



Just at that moment  
Rose came to the door.

“What are you doing?”  
she asked.

Then she saw the benches.

“This one is my bench.  
I painted it,” said Jack.

“That one is yours.”

“I am going to sit on it,”  
cried Rose.

Before father could stop her,  
Rose sat down on her bench.

“Rose! The paint is wet!”  
said father.

Rose jumped to her feet.  
She looked at her dress.  
It was green.

“Oh, dear me!” she said.  
“I have spoiled my dress!”







“The bench is spoiled, too.  
Just look at it,” said Jack.

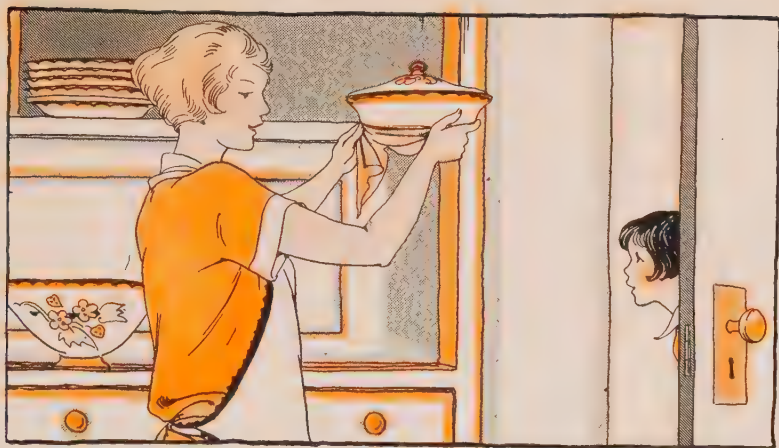
Jack was really cross.

“Do not scold Rose,”  
father said to Jack.  
“She did not know  
that the paint was wet.

“The bench is not spoiled.  
We can paint it again.”

Just then mother came.  
“What is the matter?”  
she asked. “Wet paint?”  
“Yes, mother,” said Rose.  
“Never mind,” said mother.  
“Breakfast is ready now.  
I will clean your dress  
after breakfast.”  
“Hurrah for breakfast!”  
cried Jack.  
Jack led the way,  
and they went to the house.





## SECRETS

A few days later

Rose tip-toed into the kitchen.

“Is Jack here?” she asked.

“Not just now,” said mother.

“He went to play with Ralph.

Do you want to see him?”

“No, I want to talk secrets  
with you,” said Rose.

“Very well,” said mother.

“What is your secret?”

“A little party for Jack!  
To-morrow is his birthday.”

“A surprise party for Jack?  
The very thing,” said mother.  
“Maybe we can have the party  
under the squirrel tree.”

“The paint on the benches  
is still wet,” said Rose.

“I think not,” said mother.  
“Father is in the garden.  
Ask him if the benches are dry.”

“I will ask father at once,”  
cried the little girl.  
“We can have a picnic party  
if the paint is dry.”



Rose came back very soon.

“The paint will be dry to-morrow,” she said.

“That is good,” said mother. “I will let Jack go to town with father to-morrow.

“While he is away, we can put the benches and the table under the tree.”

“May I invite Peggy to the party?” asked Rose.

“You may invite Peggy and Ralph,” said mother.

“Do not invite them until to-morrow.”

“Of course not,” said Rose.

“This is our secret.”





## THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

Next day, Rose and mother  
were very busy.

Rose cracked walnuts  
and beat eggs.

Mother made a fine cake.  
She put nuts in the cake.  
She put white frosting  
on the cake.

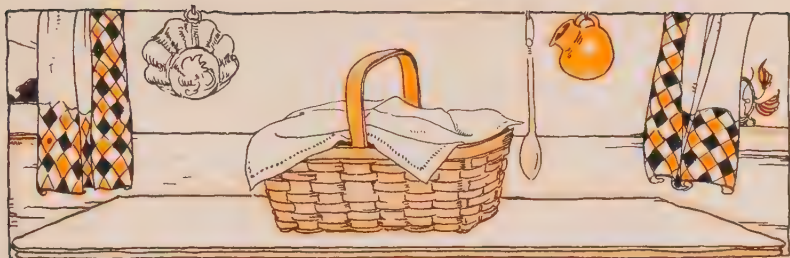
“May I make a big J  
on the birthday cake?”  
asked Rose.

“Yes, see if you can make  
a walnut J in the frosting,”  
said mother.

Rose made a big letter J  
on the white cake.

She put seven red candles  
around the big letter.





At last everything was ready.  
Rose and her mother carried  
the table out of the shed.

They put it under the tree.  
They put the two benches  
beside the table.

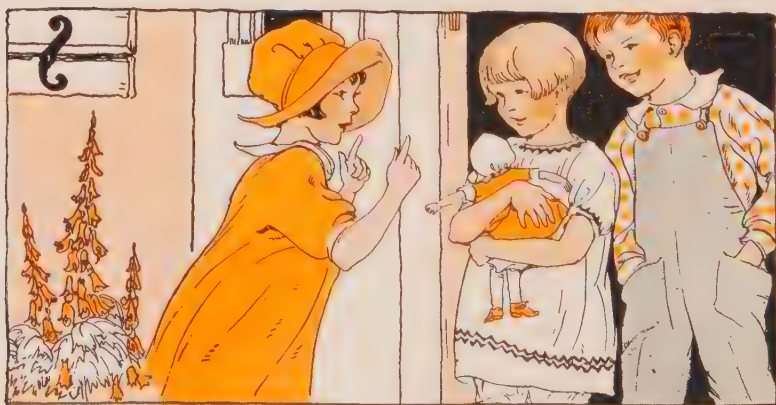
Mother packed the cake  
in a basket. She set it  
on the kitchen table.

“We will leave it here  
until time for the party,”  
she said to Rose.

Rose invited Peggy and Ralph to the birthday party.

“It is a surprise party for Jack’s birthday,” she said. “Please come at three o’clock. We will hide behind the house and surprise Jack.”

“Hurrah for the party!” cried Peggy and Ralph. “We will come at three o’clock.”



## THE PARTY

Just at three o'clock  
the children came to the party.

Peggy brought Jack a book.  
Ralph brought a new ball.

“Where is Jack?” they asked.  
“Has he come home?”

“No, not yet,” said Rose.  
“He will be here soon.  
Let us play in the yard  
until he comes.

“When we hear father’s car  
we must hide.”

Very soon they heard the car.  
Then the children ran away  
and hid behind the house.

“Rose! Rose!” Jack called  
as he climbed out of the car.

“Come here, Rose! I want  
to show you something.”

Rose did not answer.

Jack called once more  
but Rose did not come.

“Where is Rose, mother?”  
Jack asked at last.

“Look behind the house,”  
said mother.

Jack ran behind the house.  
There he found the children.

“Surprise!” they shouted.  
“Happy birthday!”

Peggy gave Jack the book.  
Ralph gave him the new ball.





“Come to the squirrel tree.  
Mother has a new game  
for us to play,” said Rose.

They found mother waiting  
under the tree.

“Tell us the new game!”  
they cried. “Please tell us!”

“It is the squirrel game.  
I have hidden peanuts  
in the grass under the tree.

“You children must play  
that you are squirrels.  
Hunt for the peanuts  
and put them in these sacks.

“There will be a prize  
for the little squirrel  
who finds the most nuts.”



Then all the children  
went to work.

They hunted in the grass  
and in the bushes.

They even looked in the tree.  
Not a nut did they find.



At last they gave up.

“We cannot find the nuts,”  
Jack said to mother.

“Please come and show us  
where you hid them.”

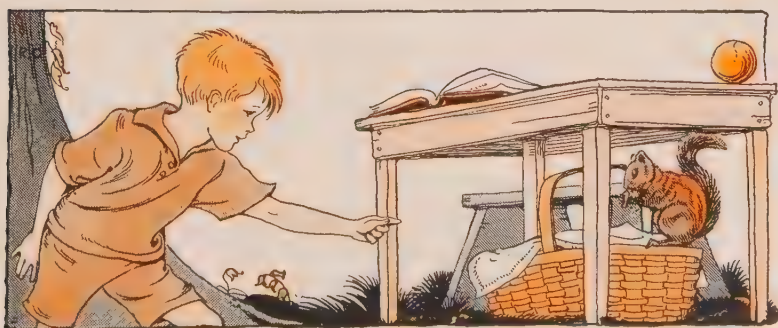
Then mother looked too.  
She could find no peanuts.

“Where can they be?  
Who has taken those nuts?”  
she cried.

“Oh, I know,” said Jack.  
“Mother squirrel took them.  
There she is now.”

He pointed to the basket  
under the table.

On the end of the basket  
sat old mother squirrel.  
She had a nut in her paws.





Mother squirrel looked  
at the children.

She put the nut in her mouth  
and ran up the tree.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Jack.  
“Mother squirrel is the one  
who should have the prize.  
She found all the nuts.”

“So she did,” said mother.  
“I will hide more peanuts.  
Then you may hunt again.”

This time the children  
found all the nuts.

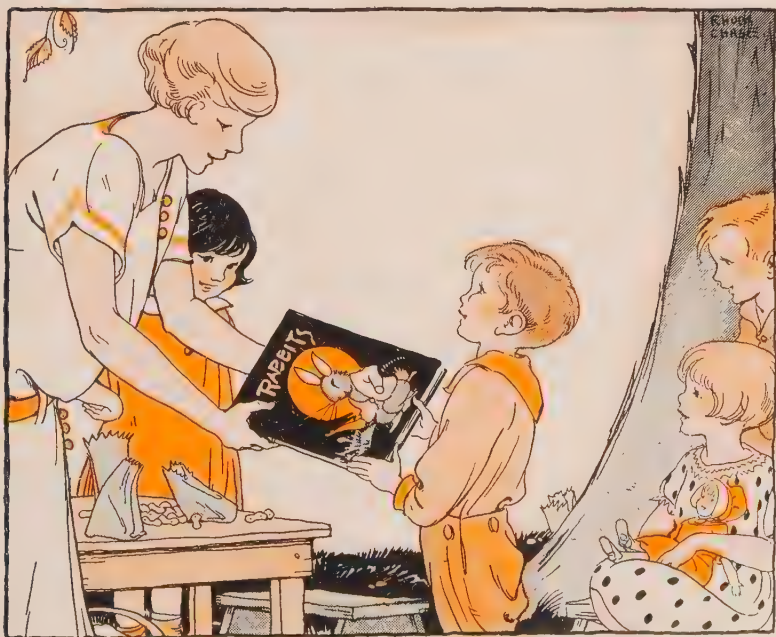
Ralph filled his sack  
and won the prize.

The prize was a book  
of rabbit stories.



Ralph was very happy  
when he saw the book.

“A rabbit book!” he cried.  
“That is a fine prize.  
Thank you, Mrs. Wagner.  
I like to play  
the squirrel game.”





## THE PICNIC SUPPER

For a long time  
the children sat by the table  
and looked at the new books.

“Oh, how hungry I am!”  
Jack said at last.

“Is it time for supper?”

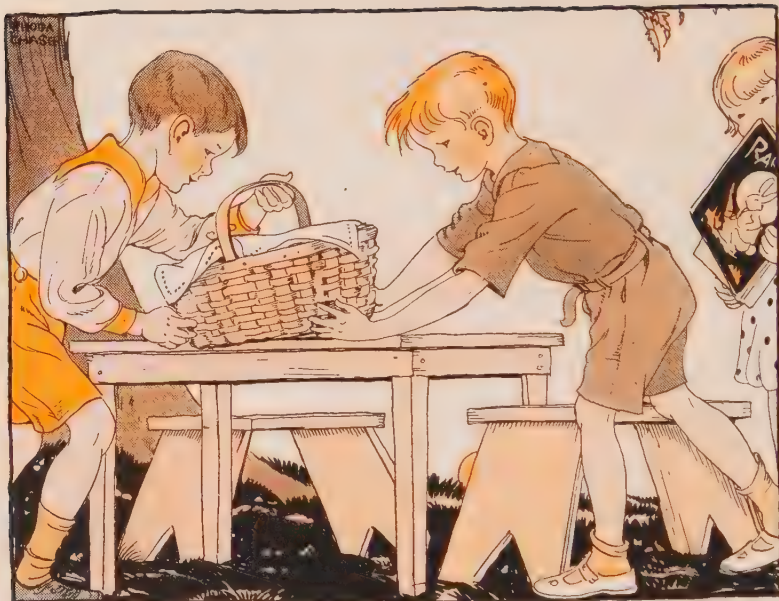
“Just time,” said mother.  
“You and Rose may help me  
if you wish.”

“Peggy and I will get the milk,” said Rose.

The two little girls ran to the house.

They soon came back with a pail of milk.





“I will get the basket,”  
said Ralph.

He dragged the basket  
from under the table.  
Jack helped him lift it.

Mother opened the basket  
and unpacked the supper.

First came paper napkins.  
Then there were paper plates  
and glasses for milk.

Mother put bread and butter  
on one paper plate.

She put cold chicken  
on another plate.

“Did you bring jam, mother?”  
asked Jack. “I like jam.”

“Yes, it is in the jam pot,”  
said mother. “You may open it.”

Jack opened the jam pot  
and set it on the table.

Last of all, mother took  
the cake from the basket.

Then the children  
sat down at the table.





What a fine supper it was!

At last came the time  
for the birthday cake.

Mother lighted the candles  
on the cake.

“Now each of you  
may make a wish,” she said.

“Then you may try  
to blow out the candles.”

The children shut their eyes  
and made wishes.

Puff! They blew the candles.  
Peggy’s candle was the first  
to go out.

“My wish will come true!  
My wish will come true!”  
she cried.

“What was your wish?”  
asked Jack.

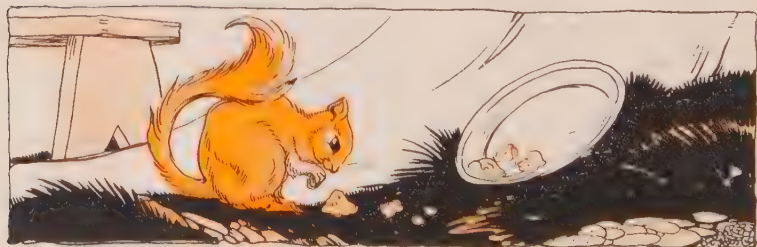
“I wished for more parties  
under the squirrel tree,”  
said Peggy.

“I wished that, too,”  
cried the other children.

Mother was cutting the cake.

“We will have more parties  
under the tree,” she laughed.

And she laid a piece of cake  
on each paper plate.





## THE SMALLEST SQUIRREL

The little baby squirrels  
grew and grew.

They climbed up and down  
in the big elm tree.

They played in the grass  
under the tree.



One day the two children  
took a big sack of walnuts  
to the squirrel tree.

They put the open sack  
on the table.

“We must find some stones.  
Then we can crack our walnuts,”  
said Jack.

“There are some stones  
in the brook,” said Rose.

“I will get them.”

She ran to the brook.

“Come and help me,”  
she called.

Jack followed her.



“We need a big, flat stone and two smaller ones,” said Jack.

“Here are the small ones. I cannot find a big stone,” said Rose.

“I see one,” cried Jack. “Look! It is in the water near the log.”

“That is a fine stone. Can you get it?” asked Rose.

Jack walked out on the log. He stooped over the water and picked up the stone.

“That was easy,” he said. “Let us take the stones back to the table.”





“Now we can crack  
the walnuts,” said Rose.

“What fun we shall have!”

“Sh — sh!” said Jack.

He pointed to the table.

There sat mother squirrel.  
The five little squirrels  
were with her.

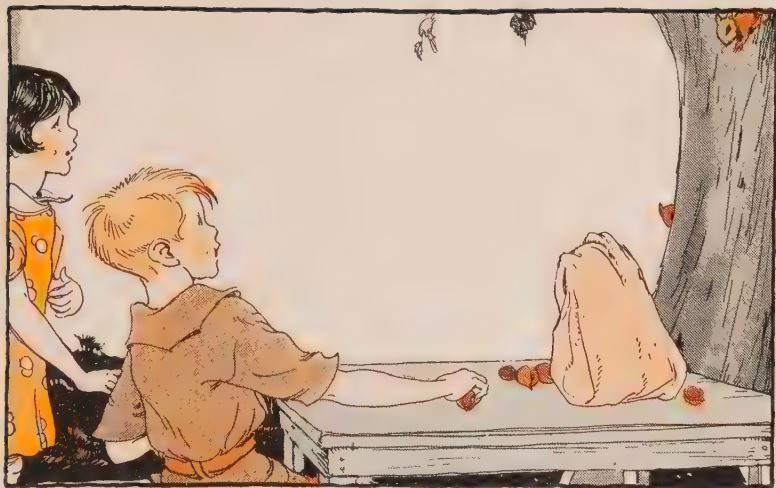
A tiny, little squirrel sat  
on the sack of walnuts.

Mother squirrel scolded  
when she saw the children.

“Nack! Nack!” she scolded.

Then she took a walnut  
and ran away.

The five little squirrels  
ran after her.



“Oh, Jack, did you see the squirrel on the sack?” asked Rose.

“Yes, he was smaller than the others,” said Jack. “I want to see him again.”

He took a walnut and tapped it on the table.

Tap! Tap, tap!

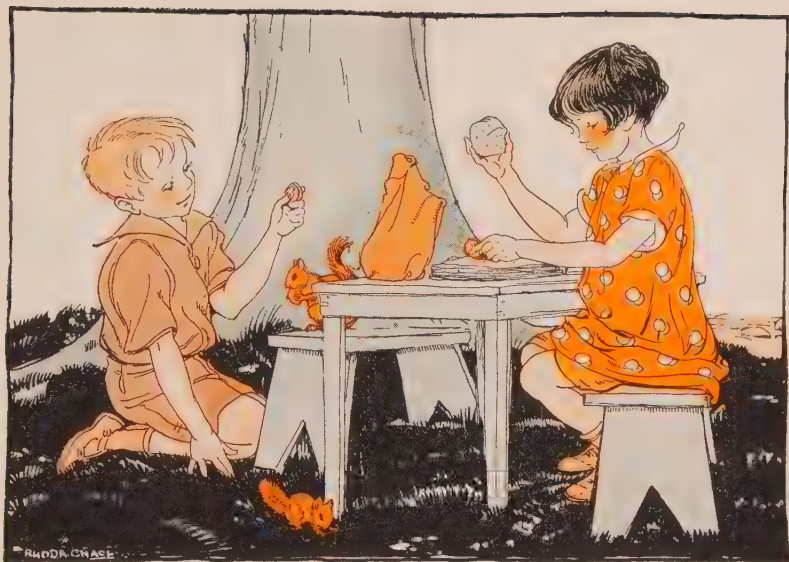
Very soon mother squirrel  
came across the grass.

The tiny, little squirrel  
was with her.

Mother squirrel looked  
at Jack and Rose.

At last she took the walnut  
from Jack's hand.





Rose cracked a walnut  
for the little squirrel.

“I like him,” she said.  
“He is very little  
but he is not afraid.”

“Yes,” said Jack,  
“I like that little squirrel  
the best of all.”





## THE LOST SQUIRREL

One night there was  
a great storm.

There was much rain.  
The wind blew very hard.

Many trees were broken  
by the wind.

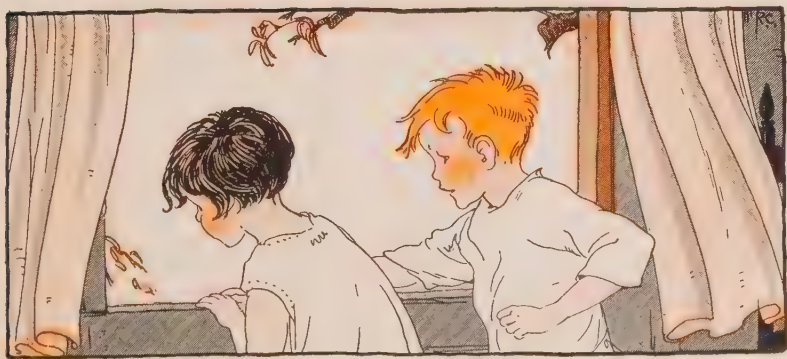


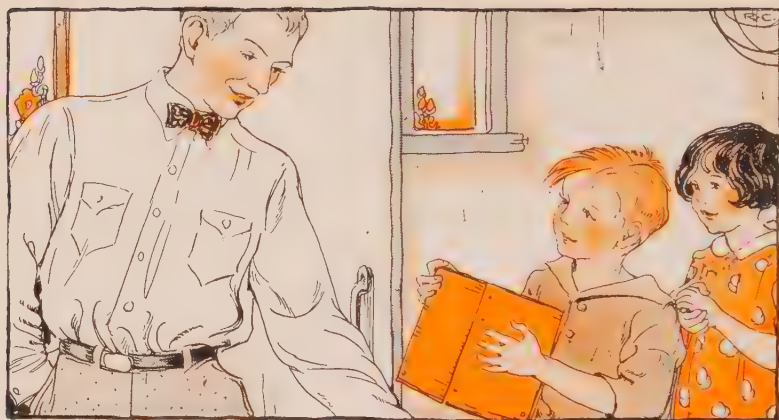
The children woke early  
next morning.

Jack ran to the window  
and looked out.

“Oh, Rose, the wind broke  
our squirrel tree,” he cried.  
“Now the baby squirrels  
have lost their nest.”

“Father can make a new nest  
for them,” said Rose.  
“He can use a box.”





They went to the shed  
to get a box.

Father was in the shed.

“Will you make a new nest  
for the little squirrels?

The wind broke their tree,”  
said Rose.

“They have a new nest.  
They are in the pine tree.  
I saw them,” said father.

The children raced  
to the pine tree.

“I see mother squirrel!”  
shouted Rose.

Old mother squirrel sat  
on a branch of the tree.

Four little squirrels  
were with her.

“One, two, three, four!  
Only four little squirrels  
are with her,” said Jack.

“The little, tiny squirrel  
is lost,” said Rose.

“What shall we do?”

“Look under the broken tree.  
Maybe your pet is there,”  
said father.

Father helped the children  
to look for the squirrel.

He moved the branches  
of the broken tree.

Still they could not find  
the little squirrel.





“I think he ran away,”  
said Rose.

“He would not run away.  
He is only hiding,” said Jack.

“But where could he hide?”

“This old tree is hollow,”  
father said at last.

“Maybe your little squirrel  
is inside the stump.”

“If I had a ladder  
I could see,” said Jack.

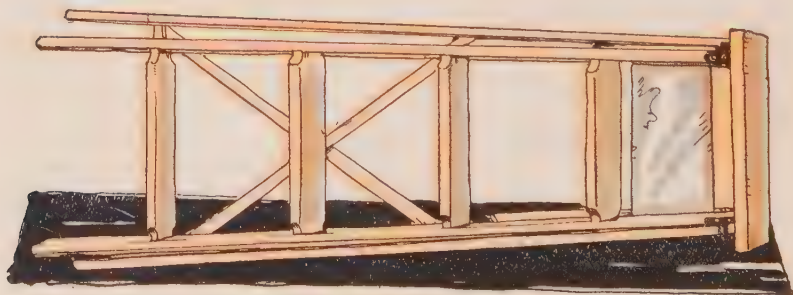
“I want to see, too,”  
begged Rose.

“Very well,” said father.  
“Let us get the stepladder  
from the attic.

Then we can all see.”

“We will get the ladder,”  
cried the children.

And away they ran.







## IN THE ATTIC

“Mother! The squirrel tree is broken!” cried Rose.

“And one squirrel is lost!” said Jack.

“And we want the ladder!”

Both of the children talked at the same time.

Mother put her hands over her ears.

“You tell me about it, Jack,”  
said mother.

“Father wants the ladder  
from the attic,” said Jack.

“I will go to the attic  
with you,” said mother.

“I want to set a rat trap.”

“Are rats in the attic?”  
asked Jack.

“I think so,” said mother.  
“I heard something run  
across the floor.

“Wait till I find the trap.  
Then I will go with you.”

“I will get the trap  
for you,” said Jack.

“Rose can get the cheese.”



The children brought  
the trap and the cheese.

Mother set the trap.

Then she was ready  
to go to the attic.

Mother and the children  
went up-stairs.

“I hear that old rat.  
I want to see him, too,”  
said Jack.

“You must be very quiet  
if you want to see him,”  
said mother.

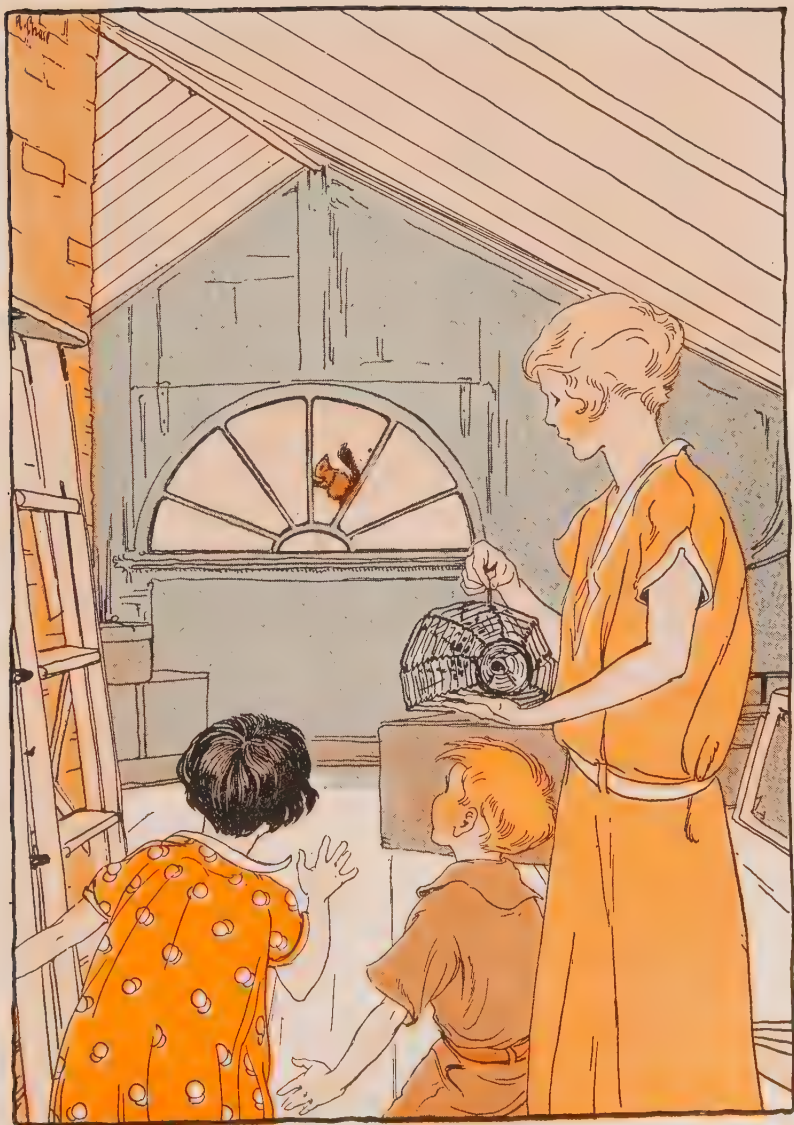
The two children tip-toed  
to the attic door.

They opened the door  
and stepped inside.

They looked all around.

“Oh, look at the window!”  
cried Rose.

There by the window  
sat the little, lost squirrel.



“There is mother’s rat!  
It was only our squirrel,”  
laughed Jack.

“But how did he get in?”  
asked Rose.

“The window blew open  
in the storm,” said mother.  
“The squirrel came in here  
to get out of the rain.  
Then the window blew shut  
and he had to stay here.”

Jack opened the window.

“Run back to your mother,”  
he said to the squirrel.

Flip — flap — scratch!

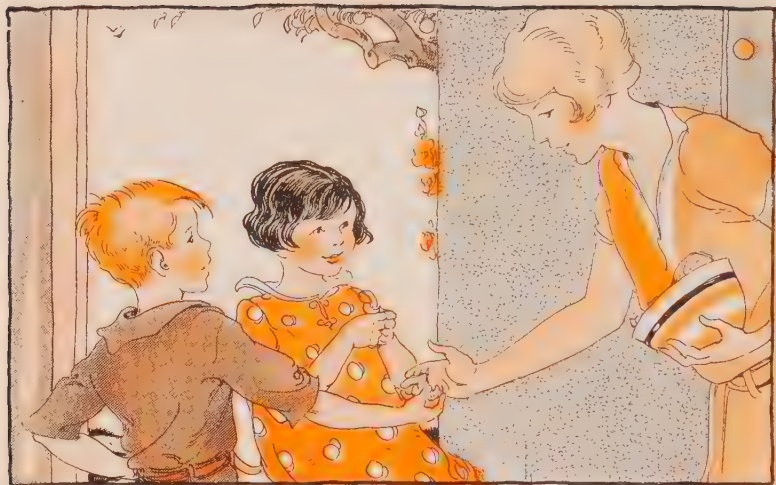
The squirrel ran away  
down the side of the house.





“Look, Rose! See him run!  
He is going to the old nest,”  
cried Jack.

“Poor little squirrel!  
Come to the kitchen with me.  
I will give you some bread  
for him,” said mother.



## THE PICTURE

Mother gave the children  
a crust of bread.

“Put this bread crust  
on the grass near the tree.  
Your squirrel will come  
for it,” she said.  
“Squirrels like bread.”

The children put the crust  
on the grass.

Then they sat down  
on one of the benches.

The squirrel saw the bread.  
Flop! He jumped down  
and took the bread crust  
in his mouth.

Then back to the broken tree  
ran the little squirrel.



The little squirrel ran  
to the top of the stump.

There he sat down.  
He took the bread in his paws  
and began to eat.

“See him eat!” cried Rose.  
“I want a picture of him.”

Just then Ralph came  
around the house.

“I will take his picture.  
I have my little camera  
with me,” said Ralph.

“That will be fine,”  
said Rose.

The little squirrel turned  
and looked at Ralph.

“Snap!” said the camera,  
and the picture was taken.



“Did you really take  
a picture?” said Rose.

Ralph nodded his head.

“You will see it to-morrow.  
I will give you one,” he said.

Rose clapped her hands.

“We will always keep  
the picture of our squirrel,”  
she said.

And this is the picture  
that they kept.

















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